

THE
ROYAL SHEEP.

A TALE.

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BY
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To which is added.

THE ADVENTURES
OF
YOUNG WHIPSTITCH.
A TALE.

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THE
ROYAL SHEEP.

A TALE.

SOME time ago a dozen lambs,
Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
And one good motherly old Ewe,
Died on a sudden down at KEW;

Where, with the sweetest innocence, alas!
Those pretty, inoffensive lambs,
And rev'rend horned patriarchal rams,
And motherly old Ewe, were nibbling grass:
All, the fair property of our great King,
Whose deaths did much the royal bosom wring:
'Twas said that dogs had tickled them to death:
Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their breath.

Like HOMER's heroes on th' enfanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd Mr. ROBINSON * around the slain!

And never was more frighten'd in his life!
So shock'd was Mr. Robinson's whole face,
Not stronger horrors could have taken place,
Had CERBERUS devour'd his wife!

* The Hind.



With wild, despairing looks, and sighs,
And wet and pity-asking eyes,
He, trembling, to the royal presence ventur'd—
White as the whitest napkin when he enter'd!
White as the man who fought King PRIAM's bed,
And told him that his warlike son was dead.

"O please your Majesty"—he, blubb'ring, cried—
And then stopp'd short—
"What? what? what? what?" the staring King replied—
"Speak, Robinson, speak, speak, what, what's the hurt?"

"O Sire," said Robinson again—
"Speak"—said the King—"put, put me out of pain—
"Don't, don't in this suspense a body keep"—
"O Sire!" cried Robinson, the sheep! the sheep!"

"What of the sheep," replied the King, "pray, pray—
"Dead! Robinson, dead, dead, or run away?"
"Dead! answer'd Robinson; dead! dead! dead! dead!"
Then like a drooping lily, hung his head!

"How, how?" the monarch ask'd, with visage sad.
"By dogs," said Robinson, "and likely mad!"
"No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad—
"No, no, things arn't so bad, things arn't so bad,"
"Rejoin'd the King,
"Off with them quick to market—quick, depart;—
"In with them, in, in with them in a cart—
"Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring."

Now to Fleet Market, driving like the wind,
Amidst his murder'd mutton, rode the HIND,
All in the royal cart so great,
To try to sell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
And ewe and rams,

Design'd for many a London dinner,
Reach'd the fair ears of Master Sheriff SKINNER,
Who with a hammer and a conscience clear,
Gets glory and ten Thousand pounds a year,
And who, if things go tolerably fair,
Will be one day proud LONDON's proud LORD MAYOR.

The Alderman was in his pulpit shining,
Midst Gentlemen with nightcaps, hair and wigs;
In language most rhetorical defining
The sterling merit of a lot of pigs:

When suddenly the news was brought,
That in Fleet Market were unwholesome sheep,
Which made the PREACHER from his pulpit leap,
As nimble as a taylor or as thought.

For justice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
'This King, this Emperor of Auctioneers,
Set off—a furious face indeed he put on——
Like light'ning did he gallop up Cheapside!
Like thunder down thro' Ludgate did he ride
To catch the man who sold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet Market full of wrath he came
And with the spirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded I believe by no man,
The Alderman, so virtuous, cried out, "SHAME!"

"D—mme," to ROBINSON said Master SKINNER,
"Who on such mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?"

"You, if you please,"
Cried Mr. Robinson, with perfect ease.

"Sir!"—quoth the red-hot ALDERMAN again—
 "You,"—quoth the HIND, in just the same cool strain.

"Off, off," cried Skinner, with your carrion heap,
 "Quick, d—mme, take away your nasty sheep,
 "Whilst I command, not e'en the KING
 "Shall such vile stuff to market bring,
 "And London stalls such garbage put on—
 "So take away your stinking mutton."

"You," replied Robinson, "you cry out, 'Shame!'"
 "You blast the sheep, good Master Skinner, pray;
 "You give the harmless mutton a bad name!
 "You impudently order it away!

"Sweet Master ALDERMAN, don't make this rout:
 "Clap on your spectacles upon your snout;
 "And then your keen, surveying eyes regale
 "With those same fine large letters on the cart
 "Which brought this blasted mutton here for sale."

Poor Skinner read, and read it with a start!
 Like HAMLET, frighten'd at his father's Ghost.
 The Alderman stood staring like a post;
 He saw G. R. inscrib'd, in handsome letters,
 Which prov'd the sheep belong'd unto his betters.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep reflection;
 And being blest with proper recollection,
 Exclaim'd—"I've made a great mistake—Oh! sad;
 "The sheep are really not so bad.

"Dear Mr. Robinson, I beg your pardon,
 "Your Job-like patience I've borne hard on;
 "Whoever says the mutton is not good,
 "Knows nothing, Mr. Robinson, of food;

" I verily believe I could turn glutton,
 " On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton—
 " Pray, Mr. Robinson, the mutton sell—
 " I hope, Sir, that his Majesty is well."—

So saying, Mr. Robinson he quitted,
 With cherubimic smiles and placid brows,
 For such embarrassing occasions, fitted—
 Adding just five and twenty humble bows.

To work went Robinson to sell the sheep,
 But people would not buy, except dog-cheap;
 At length the sheep were sold—without the fleece,
 And brought King GEORGE just half-a-crown a-piece.

THE ADVENTURES OF YOUNG WHIPSTICH.

A T A L E.

A London Taylor (as 'tis said),
 By buckram, canvass, tape, and thread,
 Sleeve linings, pockets, silk, and twist,
 And all the long expensive list,
 With which their uncouth bills abound,
 Tho' rarely in the garment found:
 By these and other arts in trade,
 Had soon a pretty fortune made;
 And did what few had ever done,
 Left thirty-thousand to his Son.

The Son a gay young swaggering blade,
 Abhorr'd the very name of trade;
 And left reflection should be thrown
 On him, resolv'd to leave the town,
 And travel where he was not known.
 In gilded coach and liveries gay,
 To Oxford first he took his way;
 'There Beaux and Belles his taste admire,
 His equipage and rich attire;
 But nothing was so much ador'd
 As his fine silver hilted sword;
 'Tho' short and small 'twas vastly neat,
 The fight was deemed a perfect treat.
 Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,
 But when the sword in hand he took,
 He swore by Gad it was an *odd thing*,
 And look'd much like a *taylor's bodkin*.
 His pride was hurt by this expression,
 Thinking they knew his fire's profession;
 Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
 And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
 There soon he found new cause for grief,
 For dining on some fine roast beef,
 One asked which he did prefer,
 Some *cabbage* or a *cucumber*.
 The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
 Thought it severe reflection meant;
 His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
 So made an ungenteel retreat:
 Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
 And bid his coachman drive to Bath.
 There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was roast *goose*;
 And that he might no more be jeer'd,
 Next day to Exeter he steer'd;
 'There with some bucks he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they'd found him out;

His glafs not fill'd as was the rule,
 They faid 'twas not a *thimble* full:
 The name of thimble was enough,
 He paid his reckoning and went off.
 He then to Plymouth took a trip,
 And put up at the royal ſhip,
 Which then was kept by Caleb *Snip*.
 The hoſt by name was often call'd,
 At which his gueſt was ſo much gall'd,
 That ſoon to Cambridge he remov'd,
 There too he unſucceſſful prov'd:
 For tho' he fill'd his glafs or cup,
 He did not always drink it up.
 The ſcholars mark'd how he behav'd,
 And ſaid a *remnant* ſhould be fav'd.
 The name of remnant gall'd him ſo,
 That he reſolv'd to York to go:
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,
 And alway fairly drank it up:
 " Well done (ſays Jack a buck of York)
 " You go thro' *ſtitch* Sir, with your work."
 The name of *ſtitch* was ſuch reproach,
 He rang the bell and call'd his coach.
 But 'ere he went, enquiries made,
 By what means they knew his trade:
 " You put the cap on and it fits"
 (Replied one of the Yorkſhire Wits)
 " Our words in common acceptance,
 " Could not find out your Occupation;
 " 'Twas you yourſelf gave us the clue,
 " To find out both your trade and you.
 " Vain coxcombs and fantaſtic beaux,
 " In every place themſelves expoſe;
 " They travel far at vaſt expence,
 " To ſhew their wealth and want of ſenſe;
 " But take this for a ſtanding rule,
 " *There's no diſguiſe can ſcreen a fool.*"

F I N I S.

